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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

VOLUME XXVII CHICAGO, MAY 14, 1891. NUMBER 11

UNITY.

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UNITY PUBLISHING COMMITTEE: Messrs. Blake, Gannett, Hosmer, Jones, Learned and Simmons.

CHARLES H. KERR & CO., PUBLISHERS, 175 DEARBORN STREET, CHICAGO.

Weekly: $1.00 per year.—Single copy 5 cents.

Advertising, 12 cents per line; business notices 24 cents per line. Advertisements of book publishers received direct; other advertising through LORD & THOMAS, advertising agents, Chicago and New York. Readers of UNITY are requested to mention this paper when answering advertisements.

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Ten weeks ten cents. UNITY will be sent ten weeks on trial to a new name for ten cents. Subscribers are invited to read the premium offer on last page and send lists of trial names at once.

Editorial.

IN the recently published essays of Martineau there is one on Theodore Parker's "Discourse on Religion," written in 1846. It concludes thus: "We part with Theodore Parker in the hope to meet again. He has, we are persuaded, a task, severe perhaps but assuredly noble, to achieve in this world. The work we have reviewed is the confession, at the threshold of a high career, of a great reforming soul that has thus cleared itself of a hindrance, and girded itself up for a faithful future. The slowness of success awaiting those who stand apart from the multitude will not dismay him."

MRS. ANNIE BESANT, the recent convert to Theosophy, is in this country and made her first appearance before an American audience last Sunday in Boston. In an interview published in the *Boston Budget* Mrs. Besant talks about her new philosophic creed, saying that the relation of Theosophy to Buddhism is that of the esoteric to the exoteric, that it admits belief in neither miracle nor a personal God, and regards Jesus as one of the great religious leaders of the world. She is a supporter of Mme. Blavatsky, and, we are told, it was through investigation into the charges made against her by Dr. Richard Hodgson and others that Mrs. Besant became a convert to her doctrines. Perhaps our readers will be interested to know the seven "principles of life" into which the theosophists divide the human personality. They are described by Mrs. Besant as Atma, the universal spirit; Buddhi, the human spirit; Manas, the rational soul; Kamarupa, the animal soul; Prana, the vitality; Linga-Sharira, the vehicle of this life, and Rupa, the physical body. This classification is interesting, if one could feel in the least degree enlightened by it, or helped in the solution of any of the practical duties of life.

IF our orthodox friends do not succeed in carrying their point about closing the Columbian Exposition on Sunday it will not be for lack of early attention to the subject and ceaseless industry. The *Independent* publishes in a late issue a symposium of opinions gathered from a hundred bishops, Roman and Protestant. Among the thirteen in favor of keeping the great Fair open seven days in the week, it is worth noting the large proportion of known names of Roman Catholics and others presumably so. The spirit of Puritan rule and discipline dies hard among its Protestant descendants, even of this free and progressive age.

THERE was a religious discussion in Philadelphia a few weeks ago in which one of the disputants held stoutly to the assertion that St. Paul was a spiritualist, fortifying his position with numerous selections from the Scriptures, laying great stress on such expressions as "try the spirits," "spiritual gifts," etc. These were cited without regard to the context or to manifest reason, as for that matter most theologians, liberal as well as orthodox, quote the Bible, who wish to substantiate their peculiar beliefs with the literal interpretation of its text. By "spiritual gifts" was meant, said this original expounder, mediumistic gifts, and urged the cultivation of the same on all true followers of the Word. The extreme to which this sort of Scriptural elucidation can be carried is no better illustrated here than in many of the sayings of evangelists like Mr. Moody, and we find the methods of one no less displeasing to reason and common sense than of the other.

THE general views marking that phase of thought known as "liberal orthodoxy," seemed to us the most incoherent and illogical of any of the forms of faith belonging to a transitional age. And yet, that they are honestly derived and sincerely maintained by many, we do not doubt. We have no right to decry another's method of thought because it leads to conclusions we can not accept. Even the scientific method does not necessarily lead to a pure rationalism; this method, like every other mental process, being shaped and colored by the mind employing it. Thus we have often been struck with the apparent contradiction between the methods and the outcome of the thought voiced in the preaching of Dr. Thomas of the People's Church of this city. He iswithou t doubt one of the frankest and most courageous of modern thinkers. He is a sincere convert to the truth of evolution, not only in its material aspects, but its moral and spiritual. At the same time his views of the Bible and the nature of Jesus are still those of modified orthodoxy. To the rationalistic observer this is an anomaly; but aside from the known worth and inspiration of the expelled Methodist's work to hundreds of followers, an example so marked as his but serves to show anew the worth of mental integrity wherever found. It is the direction of a man's mind that teaches us most concerning him, not his temporary intellectual resting place.

WE are in receipt of the preliminary circular from the nominating committee of the A. U. A. for directors for the ensuing year. The predicament hinted at in a previous note has arrived. Although the nominating committee was appointed early in the year and they have had all these months of time to offer their report, the report comes at last calling for a reply on such short notice that it would be impossible for the western churches to call their meetings, elect their delegates and express their wishes before the time for the publication of the circular as indicated by the committee would have arrived. Of course the result of such committee work will carry the *minimum* of moral and business significance. If the wishes of the real constituency is sought, let time enough be given for such constituency to consider, deliberate, act and advise.

DR. E. G. HIRSCH has put himself on record in an address before the Union League Club against the teaching of German in our public schools, reaching his conclusions, he says, after long and earnest thought. This restriction does not of course apply to the high school. There are two objections, he thinks, to the study of any other than the home tongue in the lower grades, want of time to teach any foreign language properly, and the need of all the time for more practical studies; a need emphasized by the fact that so large a proportion of pupils, especially boys, leave school at the close of their work in the grammar department. From motives of patriotism and practical wisdom the only language taught in the lower grades should be English. Dr. Hirsch thinks his opinion is indorsed by the majority of German pedagogues. During his address he made an eloquent appeal for the richer endowment of the high schools, to which we must look for the thinkers in our public life, as well as for a large number of the teachers in our schools.

Lookout Mountain Religion.

To face Summerland, leaving the chill and inhospitable winds of lake-girt Chicago, and come suddenly upon the land of roses, balmy airs and luxuriant foliage, is an experience that thrills and inspires the most sluggish soul. But when this transformation is accompanied with the many memories that cluster around the heart of an old soldier who is entering at the same time the scenes of old campaigns, battles, marches, hungers and charges, it brings an exhilaration of spirit that outreaches the possibilities of pen and time.

Such was the experience of the present writer, when, in company with three other delegates from Chicago, he lately found his way to Chattanooga by the way of the "Evansville Route," traveling in as elegant a vestibule train with as many of the modern improvements and home luxuries as any that leaves Chicago. He found the route from Nashville to Chattanooga was illuminated by a marvelous re-awakening since last he passed over the line in 1886. Tullahoma, Murfreesboro, Bridgeport and all the rest of those mountain towns now show either new station houses or old ones painted over, with here and there glimpses of large summer resorts, manufacturing plants and real estate activity. To arrive at last at Chattanooga, once a town of many enterprises, and the center of so much historic interest, was to become oblivious to much of the significance of "the business of the town," its incline railways, electric belt lines, the elegant homes that decorate the crest of Missionary Ridge, the big hotels that crown Lookout Mountain, the thriving and picturesque and altogether romantic suburban homes across the river under the foot hills that lie between the winding Tennessee and the dignified Waldron Bridge. We saw again the impoverished camps of Thomas, the glimmering camp-fires of the besieging forces on the hilltop, and the eventual climb of Hooker's, with the heavy assaults of Sherman's columns. All of this has passed into history, but three days in Chattanooga brings it back with a vividness that makes it an inspiration. Everything that spoke of violence, animosity, shame and bitterness, is gone, lost. That alone is retained which tells of valor, of magnanimity, of generosity, characterizing the forces on both sides and the high ideality which made glorious the conflict. We charged and marched in the imagination once more, but we also touched elbows with those we charged against and mingled in most fraternal fellowship with those who stood for the integrity of the "Bars and Stars" with a loyalty and devotion that now make the "Stars and Stripes" all the more secure, all the more welcome emblems of home and loyalty.

But we went to attend the Southern Unitarian Conference, more especially to help dedicate an All Souls Church in Chattanooga, a veritable "*All Souls Church*" in the South, a small edition in form as in spirit of the All Souls Church in Chicago, which lies so near the heart of the present writer. A church with a *seven-day*-in-the-week commission written upon its very front; a church prepared for work and with workmen at hand, as indicated by the domiciled Pastor Towle and his wife. The domestic spirit will overflow his home circle and make beautiful the home life of those free spirits who gather there in the interests of a free religion.

We arrived at noon on Wednesday the 29th of April, giving the afternoon to greetings of friends, inspection of the new home, and preparation for the dedication services in the evening. The central attraction of these was a most noble sermon by Secretary Reynolds on Paul's words, a "Glorious Church." The glorious church which Mr. Reynolds sees is the truth-seeking church, a church given to the emphasis of the right and paved with love. It was a sermon in which Mr. Gannett's faith of ethics was again nobly re-stated; a sermon as broad, as universal, as free from doctrinal limitations as any which the Western Conference dreams of and is com-

mitted to. The other parts were taken by Mr. Chainey of the Southern missionary field, Mr. Thayer, who came with his word from Cincinnati, and the unveiling of a bust of Theodore Parker, the gift of All Souls Church, Chicago, by the senior editor of UNITY. The welcome and hospitality given to this tender-hearted lover of man, this earnest believer in human souls, in this land which once feared him, was most touching. The Theodore Parker that is left at work here in America is the Theodore Parker without a hammer, the Theodore Parker of the universal faith, the Theodore Parker who then as now worked through love and spoke from a profound faith and not from a doubt or a distrust. On Thursday morning the little band of preachers, with a few delegates, gathered to confer together over the situation, eight ministers in all. First Brother Chainey, who has given up his work at Atlanta to become the unfrocked "Bishop of All the South." He spoke with the zeal of a bishop and the love of a father for his flock. Then C. J. K. Jones of Louisville, and G. A. Thayer of Cincinnati, who came from the borderland, claimed by the North, the natural gravitation for fellowship and for a constituency are recognized as Southward. There was Mr. Reynolds, the representative of the fostering national organization, the American Unitarian Association, Mr. Gibson, a recent convert from the Baptists, who is at work in the field of Florida, Mr. Whitman, who has taken up the work at Charleston, South Carolina, one of the South's loyal sons, whose memories reach to the "Old South," but whose inspirations are grounded in the "New South," and who came to Chattanooga flanked with loving delegates. Judge Whittaker was there from distant New Orleans, and to represent the unpastored society there. There were also lay representatives from Atlanta, four lay and one clerical visitor from Chicago.

But the most religious way to confer, in Chattanooga at least, is to imitate the prophets of old, "go to a high place and see what the Lord will give." So in the afternoon the whole Southern Conference sought the heights of Lookout Mountain, and in its inspiring revelations felt the prophetic swell of the age in the vision of the entrancing scenery and its heroic traditions. We descended in time to enjoy an excellent supper at the Church-Home. Whether we were the guests of All Souls Church or the hospitable minister and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Towle, we could not decide, and we do not care to differentiate.

In the evening there was a platform meeting where all the preachers spoke, taking all the time they needed, while the patient audience listened to the end with satisfaction. This closed the Conference, but there was one more day for your correspondent and his companions to scale the heights and surround the city with a bewitching drive around Missionary Ridge, where once there sped the minie ball and burst the shell. In the evening there was a lecture on "George Eliot and her Writings," then a midnight train taken, a beautiful long half day of daylight on Saturday through the quiet reaches of Kentucky along the lines of the L. & N. road, a good night's sleep on the Eastern Illinois end of that line from Evansville to Chicago, and the waking up on Sunday morning in the city of the World's Fair, to speak to the Ethical Culture Society, in exchange with William M. Salter whose ever welcome, ever spiritual note was heard at All Souls Church, Chicago. The world goes on and the heart of the editor is a little more glad, his faith more strong, the outlook brighter for the assurance that the good broad gospel of the religion of Freedom, Fellowship and Character is completing the work that was begun in toil and terror and pain thirty years ago among the inspiring hills and beautiful valleys of the sunny South,—the summer land, the land of poetry and the coming home of refinement and intelligence.

A Recent Action of the W.C.T.U.

Our readers will take great interest in the matter found on another page re-printed from the Chicago *Tribune*. The communication from Mrs. Bagley explains itself, and brings to the front a long pending question in the administration of the W. C. T. U. The refusal to print it by their organ, the *Union Signal*, the policy of the Chicago Union to take no heed of it, will not always keep the women of America belonging to this proud organization from facing the problem here raised. We ourselves find no fault with the ruling of the Chicago Union in omitting Mrs. Bagley from its list of workers. From its standpoint, and with the convictions it stands for, we do not see how they could well do otherwise; but we do see why in the face of such a necessity they should cease the proud boast and high pretense that they "recognize no sect line." Neither do we see how they can expect women, with religious convictions that differ from those of the "orthodox scheme," to be satisfied with the privilege of working with them, yet keeping their highest convictions unspoken and the sources of their inspiration unrecognized. The women of the W. C. T. U. have been finding out very rapidly that they could not grapple with the progressive problems of reform, and still remain indifferent or antagonistic to the growing problems in politics and statecraft, which they have been gradually facing,—as the problem of equal suffrage, the necessity of which is becoming manifest if women would count for their whole worth in temperance or any other reform. The next thing they have to learn is that they can not fight the battles of the twentieth century with the mediæval theology of the fifteenth. And to those who have already outgrown the theological schemes of the past it would say that it behooves them to prove the vitality of their faith by putting it to work in such whole-hearted measures as these sisters do, who constitute the majority of W. C. T. U. The experience of Mrs. Bagley is instructive to the women of America who are interested both in liberal thought in religion and in temperance and other reforms. It is a lesson to them that calls for open recognition of the fact that they are at best but troublesome guests of honor to the W. C. T. U. movement, though there is need of their full work and full energy. Let them take example of their zealous orthodox sisters, and work for humanity by putting their religion on their banner and not by trying to leave their religion at home. A few years ago we graciously took back, by request of various members of the W. C. T. U., the implication that a Unitarian woman could not work with that organization. Now the experience of our friend and fellow worker, Mrs. Bagley, substantiates this suspicion afresh. We do not abate one jot our respect for the energy and practical efficiency of the W. C. T. U. We commend its example to those, whose zeal for humanity, love for temperance and enthusiasm for reform, based upon the later conclusions of science, is one with their interest in the higher criticism and wider conception of Bible, Jesus, God and Church, that which the thought of evolution is slowly, but inevitably bringing into the world. Let the sisters of the W. C. T. U. heed well this cloud no bigger than a man's hand on the horizon. It means the coming renovation, enlargement and eventual emancipation of the human mind from the tyranny of dogma and the thought that any "creed" will save or justify a division of the moral and religious forces of humanity.

An Explanation and Minority Report.

To all whom it may concern and interest:

I feel it incumbent upon me to express my non-concurrence in so much of the report of my associates upon the Nominating Committee of the American Unitarian Association as refers to the "Western States and Pacific Coast"; and, in submitting to the electors another name for that section, I desire to make an explanation and to state the reasons that prompt and indeed compel this action on my part, both in justice to myself and to those whom I may presumably represent.

The chairman's call for the meeting of our committee on Saturday, April 18, at ten o'clock A. M., reached Cleveland on Monday, April 13. To be in Boston at that hour on Saturday would have required me to leave home on Thursday evening, meanwhile providing for the supply of my pulpit on the following Sunday; not a wide margin of time, with the calls and engagements close ahead which the minister in a large city is likely to have on his hands. It so happened, however, that I was in Rochester, N. Y., upon an exchange on Sunday, April 12, where I fell ill and was unable to return home until Monday, April 20, when I found the chairman's notification of the meeting, then already held. I at once wrote to him in explanation, asking if another meeting was to be held, saying also that, while I should not have been able to attend the Saturday meeting, I certainly should have suggested some names by letter, especially for the section which I might be supposed in some measure to represent; that I still desired to present such names if they would now be considered by my associates upon the committee. In a reply, giving me the names selected by the committee for the Western States and Pacific Coast, I was informed that the report of the committee had already gone to print and that it would be sent out in circular form, at latest, on Saturday, April 25 (the day the reply reached me). I then wrote to the chairman, expressing my non-concurrence in that part of the report which he had been pleased to communicate to me. The following extract from that letter will show the grounds of my dissent and my reasons for now submitting to the electors of the A. U. A. the name which I certainly should have urged in committee as one of the four from which the candidate for the Western States and the Pacific Coast should be selected: "You will remember that at the annual meeting of the Association last May, in withdrawing my own name, which Dr. E. E. Hale had kindly put in nomination for election upon the Board of Directors (following the report of the nominating committee), I suggested that of Rev. J. R. Effinger, of Chicago. I did not nominate Mr. Effinger, neither did I ask for votes for him, but I did in public meeting commend him as, in my judgment, the man from the West to be put upon the Board of the A. U. A. Mr. Effinger was immediately nominated by Rev. E. B. Payne, and the nomination was seconded by Rev. Edward H. Hall, who strongly urged Mr. Effinger's election, as did also Rev. M. J. Savage. Some spoke in dissent. But notwithstanding the fact that the nominating committee had made a different recommendation, and that a vote for Mr. Effinger seemed unhappily an indirect vote against one of our most esteemed and beloved ministers, whose name had been given in the report of the committee (Dr. Thomas L. Eliot), there were yet cast for Mr. Effinger one hundred and twenty-one votes. In remembrance of this and in justice to so large a minority it seems to me that it would have been proper and only courteous for our committee to submit to the electors the next succeeding year Mr. Effinger's name as one of the four from whom the member for the Western States and Pacific Coast should be chosen. I can see no object in a quadruple nomination except to widen the representative character of that nomination and give larger individual choice to the electors; and Mr. Effinger's name with that of either Mr. Crooker or Mr. Crothers (both of whom I esteem very highly) would make a more representative selection than the names of the last two gentlemen by themselves.

"And there seems to me a further reason for such action in the fact that, after that public expression of my own judgment respecting Mr. Effinger already referred to, our president, Hon. George S. Hale, saw fit to place me upon the nominating committee for the next succeeding year. My views, at least as to the selection of *one* name from the West, could hardly have been unsurmised by my fellow-members upon the committee; though circumstances, as I have since explained to you, unfortunately prevented my attendance at the meeting, or even communication by letter. But it seems to me that the remembrance of those one hundred and twenty-one votes for Mr. Effinger last year, quite apart from my known expression of opinion at that meeting, and president Hale's placing me upon the nominating committee, should have led to the *inclusion* of Mr. Effinger's name. In view of the different action of the majority of the committee, and without having had the privilege of seeing the names selected for the section I am supposed somewhat to represent, before the final adoption and publication of the report, there seems left to me only the unwelcome duty of making a minority report."

In justice to myself and others, therefore, in courtesy to so many who last year voted for Mr. Effinger, and in order to give opportunity to such electors as at the coming annual meeting may desire to cast their votes for him, I take this only way now open to me and respectfully recommend for election upon the Board of Directors of the Association, from the section of the Western States and Pacific Coast, the name of Rev. John R. Effinger, of Chicago.

F. L. HOSMER,
Member of Nominating Committee.
Cleveland, May 7, 1891.

A CORRESPONDENT says: "One of the strongest attractions, for me, in Unitarianism, is the simple frankness of speech between its members, and the simple acceptance of the same as *all* that is meant." This is pleasant testimony, and we think, in the main true. We believe it is the aim of most of the members of our small household of faith to measure each other by their best. The spirit of captious criticism is noticeably absent from most of our conferences. But it is only just, as well as modest, to add that the same may be said of many people outside our ranks.

MEN and women are more often fairly judged by the way in which they bear the burden of their own deeds . . . than by the prime act which laid the burden on their lives. . . . The deeper part of us shows in the manner of accepting consequences. —*John Morley.*

Contributed and Selected.

Is the Woman's Christian Temperance Union Non-Sectarian?

The following correspondence reprinted from the Chicago *Tribune* will explain itself, and is the subject of further comment in our editorial columns:—ED.

CHICAGO, May 1.—[Editor of the *Tribune.*]—The *Union Signal*, the organ of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, refused to print the inclosed letter. I send it to the *Tribune* because I know of no other way to get it before the members of the W. C. T. U. I was told by one of the editors of the *Union Signal* that the question raised by me was not a new one, and that she had rejected over a hundred letters from women who thought they had been unjustly treated by the W. C. T. U. on account of their religion. The officers of the W. C. T. U. and the editors of their organ stand between the mass of their members and the free discussion and understanding of these questions.

G. H. B.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union—Madam President: Two years since I entered the W. C. T. U. and was made chairman of Bethesda Day Nursery, an institution supported by the Central Union of this city. From then until now I have worked with earnestness and enthusiasm in behalf of the little children for whom the institution exists, and for their ignorant, destitute families. I have also done, to the extent of my time and ability, such missionary work as came within my notice. I was and am a member of All Souls Unitarian Church in Chicago, but as the only requirement made upon me in becoming a member of the W. C. T. U. was that I should sign the pledge, and as I knew that "no sect in religion" was a favorite motto of that organization, I did not consider that my attitude in religious matters in any way stood between me and the service which I wanted to render as a W. C. T. U. worker. Nor did I hesitate on account of the word Christian in the title of the organization, that term having become capable of such broad interpretation.

Through the Mothers' Meetings, which I introduced in connection with the Nursery in the fall of 1889, I had opportunities to give many of the poor women of the neighborhood ideas which I felt would be helpful to them as housekeepers, home-makers and mothers. I have never given any direct religious teaching, unless, as frequently happened, some expression of ignorance or superstition forced itself upon my attention, when, of course, it was my welcome duty to do what I could to lift the weight of superstition or stupidity.

From time to time rumors of the dissatisfaction of some of the women of the W. C. T. U. began to reach me. Gentle hints were given me that what was called my "Unitarianism" would not do. Later at two different meetings of the Executive Board, of which I am a member, I have been told by the president of the Union, with no dissenting voice from the other women present, that the Central Union would consider it a matter of honor that I should not give utterance to any words which were antagonistic to the orthodox faith, nor in any way propagate my religious ideas in their meetings or in my work as chairman of the Nursery.

The meeting at which the Executive Board elected chairmen for the different departments of their work occurred April 2. In regard to the matter of again making me chairman of the Nursery there was a frank discussion, accompanied by the kindliest expressions of personal liking for me and assurances of satisfaction with my work in every particular except that of religious teaching. I stated to the Board that since the parents of the children for whom the Nursery cares send them through necessity not choice, and as they vary widely in the religious ideas they would wish taught their children, it seemed to me plain justice to allow the little ones to be given only such religious conceptions as underlie all religions, and that it had been my aim to lay the chief stress upon their daily conduct to themselves and to each other; so that so far as my work in the Nursery itself was concerned I had never conveyed a single impression to which the most orthodox could object, nor should I do so in the future. But I wished it distinctly understood that in my private missionary work, when I visited among the people of the neighborhood, I should certainly say whatever the occasion seemed to me to make right or necessary. They replied that they could not have one who held my religious views going about as chairman of one of their institutions, extending ideas contrary to the Christian faith among the poor people. The alternative was then given me either to make it a matter of honor to say or do nothing in the Mission or its neighborhood, to which they as orthodox Christians would object, or to resign my position as chairman. I replied that I had already stated exactly what I would do, and I preferred that they should say whether or not they would have me. Whereupon another was elected in my place.

I do not question the right of women to band themselves together as believers in the divinity of Christ to work in their own way for a certain end. I honor that earnestness which, trusting that their way is necessary to salvation, will not allow under their auspices any teaching which they think would conflict with it; but I do assert that the W. C. T. U. has no right to place "no sect in religion" on their banners, to proclaim that their organization is unsectarian, to invite Unitarians and other liberal women to join them, and then to restrict their freedom of speech and hamper their usefulness in the work for temperance and philanthropy. After careful examination of the constitution and by-laws of the Central W. C. T. U., I find that according to them I am given the same liberty of thought and action that its most orthodox members have, and that I have never in any way violated the requirements set forth therein.

There are so many women who, by reason of their knowledge of the results of modern biblical study and of scientific investigation, and on account of their participation in the thought and philosophy of this century, stand without the pale of orthodoxy, who yet want to enter the service for temperance, that I, as a representative of such women, have a right to know whether or not the invitation which the W. C. T. U. extends is or is not an empty one.

The object of this letter is to inquire: First, whether under similar circumstances to those stated the action of the whole W. C. T. U. would have been that of the Central Union of Chicago? Second, whether in case creed—Unitarian, Jewish, Agnostic, or Roman Catholic—is the slightest bar in the privileges or activities of a member of a W. C. T. U. it would not be more just to such women, and wiser in every respect to make a distinction between active and associate members, restricting active membership to those who are members of evangelical churches.

I want to plead with the W. C. T. U. that they do not allow their zeal in one line of thought and work to crowd out the study side of life, nor their loyalty to their religion to cramp intellectual and spiritual growth.

GRACE H. BAGLEY.

A MOTHER that is mean in any corner of her life is mean to her baby in the cradle.

THERE is nothing in worship but what existed before in mythology.—*James Darmesteter.*

Church Door Pulpit.

What Can Ethics Do for Us?

AN ADDRESS GIVEN BEFORE THE PHILOSOPHICAL CLUB OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY, SANDERS THEATRE, MARCH 27, 1890, BY WILLIAM MACKINTIRE SALTER.

Without essaying formal definitions we may say that ethics is at bottom the sense of right, as science deals with facts and philosophy attempts to reconcile what is, what ought to be, and all other objects of human interest in some comprehensive conception. In an earlier day we might have spoken of ethics as science; but now, since "science" is correlated with what can be dealt with by the methods of observation and experiment, it conduces to clearness of thought to distinguish ethics from science, inasmuch as ethics deals with purely ideal conceptions which can neither be seen nor handled nor experimented with, and are true to the mind alone. The maxim, for example, "Do unto others as you would that they should do to you," does not indicate of itself what happens, or ever has happened or ever will happen. It is a rule prescribing what should happen. It is not gathered from experience, nor founded on experience; it is a demand of the mind. How far any one has acted according to the maxim is of course a question for science, and to be settled according to purely scientific methods; ideal conceptions of what men ought to do have not the slightest value in determining what they actually do; moral idealism and historical realism are perfectly compatible. But though every man acted according to the maxim, such knowledge would be of a fact merely, not of a rule; and to determine why men should so act, resort would have to be had to other than purely scientific methods.

We essay in these days to find in the results of moral conduct its justification: we should obey the Christian maxim, for example, because we help thereby to make men happy or to prolong their lives. But what we do not realize, or realize but faintly, is that there is an assumption underlying all this—namely, that men's happiness or length of days are ends we must respect. As matter of fact these ends are often not respected; and the best we can say is that they always should be; in other words, that the right rule would be to respect them. Hence, instead of being led to solid facts on which to base the Christian maxim, as was expected, we are simply led to another rule, and a rule as purely ideal, as difficult to obey as ever was the Golden Rule of Jesus. In truth we can never found a rule on facts, but only on some deeper rule. Science may tell us what means we must use to secure our ends, it may inform us as to our resources in making any moral effort; but as to what our ends should be, as to the supreme rules of action (springing as they must from a determination of those ends), science working by observation and experiment, knows nothing and can know nothing—they belong to another realm than that with which it deals.

And so the first service which ethics may render us is to enlarge our philosophy. We are enamored to-day with the promises of a scientific philosophy. The scientific method has yielded such rich results in certain spheres that it is no wonder that generous and ambitious minds have conceived the idea of applying it in all spheres. Could but all knowledge be verified! Could our speculations only be rigorously tested! Then with what firmness we might face an unwilling world—and we could well afford to relinquish some unverifiable ideas for the sake of publishing others with absolute confidence! Yet what ideas can we verify? Verification is of course the testing of ideas by facts or the observed relation between facts. We think, we conjecture—and then we observe, we experiment; and as the result of the process we say our thoughts are either true or not, or still uncertain. The ideas then that we can think of verifying are those that relate to facts or the relations between them. Ideas in the field of psychology, of sociology, of history, as well as of physics in its various branches, are all actually or conceivably verifiable; ideas as to the twentieth century and its social order can ultimately be compared to the fact as truly as ideas with regard to the social system in which we live. But how can we verify ideas not as to what happens or exists, but as to what ought to happen or exist? In the very nature of the case they can not be tested by the fact, since they are not ideas of fact. If we say, this is a just man or this is a just social order, the assertion is a verifiable one—we can compare the conception with what is; but if we say this man or the existing social order ought to be just, we leave the realm of fact altogether; though justice can actually be predicated of neither, the assertion may be just as true. Hence, reluctant as we may be to admit it, moral ideas belong just to the realm of unverifiable ideas; we have to believe in them, if we believe in them at all, not because they have the fact on their side, but because of their own intrinsic attractiveness and authority. He who really believes in them would believe in them all the same, though in all his experience, and in all the ages of history he never discovered a living embodiment of them; yes, he might rise to the sublime height of the poet, and own them still with reverence, though

> "Hatred and wrong had been proclaimed
> Law through the worlds, and right misnamed."

Hence he who admits ethical ideas into the circle of his beliefs can never be content with strictly "scientific" philosophy. So far as "scientific" means clearness and systematic arrangement of conceptions, he will, of course, crave scientific philosophy and no other; but so far as "scientific" denotes reliance on observation and experiment, so far as "scientific" philosophy is put forth as a new method of philosophizing, it must inevitably be regarded as incomplete. Beyond the realm of what is and happens, ethics opens another realm of what ought to be. Alongside of every man, of every action, of every institution, of every social order, is the notion of what they should be. 'Tis not another set of facts, but a prescription, an ideal of what the facts should be. It is barely possible that in nature there is sometimes the separation between the reality and the idea; but we know that this is true of men—at least of most men and social institutions. Science gives us one account of man, ethics another. Science tells us of the law according to which in reality men ordinarily act, and this, it must be confessed, is the law of self-interest; ethics of the law according to which they should act, the law of justice and brotherhood. The scientific view easily begets contempt; ethics begets hope and trust. If I may venture the illustration, a difference between Carlyle and Emerson lay in this—that Carlyle saw men more nearly as they were, while Emerson regarded them in the light of what they should be, and saw them transfigured. The glory of *man* entranced Emerson; the littleness of *men* awoke the scorn of Carlyle. Yet these varying points of view are not inconsistent; and both are true. But the elevating, the consoling, the inspiring truth is on the side of Emerson. If we sink too completely in the critical view of human nature, we shall not know whether it is worth redeeming. During the last century in France a cry went up from noble spirits oppressed

by the theological poverty of the ancient régime, *Elargissez Dieu!* and to an age like the present, whose thought is dominated by conceptions borrowed from physical science, the appeal comes, Enlarge your philosophy, take off the bands and let ideas beyond the narrow bounds of fact freely circulate.

And ethics not only enlarges our philosophy by opening to our view higher heights or deeper depths than science is aware of, but it gives us something ultimate in philosophy, ideas that may be fairly classed as ultimate truths. Ethics does not take the place of philosophy, it can be no more than a part of our total view of things; and yet, if I mistake not, it is not a part that is dependent on other parts (save as all truths are mutually correlated), but is an original and elemental constituent of the whole. To Emerson, moral truth was a part of the first philosophy; the moral sentiment, he said, declared the law after which the universe was made; and I think that after criticism has done its perfect work with such a saying, this residuum of pure gold remains, namely, that whatever may be the actual forces in the world at any time, justice and love are rightfully supreme over them all, and that these are so interwoven with the order of things that nothing out of harmony with them can long stand. We have to explain many things, or seek to; matter, the whole material universe, once seen to be an order of sensations, demands an explanation beyond it; all that happens, that begins to be, requires an explanation; all matter of fact laws, like gravitation, chemical affinity and the like, the contrary of which are perfectly conceivable, may find their *raison d'être* outside themselves, may exist, for example, ultimately for moral ends; but the moral laws are neither effects nor things that happen, nor is their contrary conceivable—they do not exist for ends beyond themselves, but to dominate all other ends; their victory in a universe, a universe transfigured by them, would be its own reason for being—a real end, a consummation, beyond which no greater glory could be. No man can ask, without cause for shame, why should he do justice, why should he love? These are his life, the things for which he exists—aye, if he wished to be just for some ulterior gain, he could not do so, for justice is in the heart, is on principle or it is not at all; and he who practices it for profit, or to gain notice or applause from man or God, dishonors what is sacredest in the world.

It has ever been the faith of religion that there is such a thing as intuition of divine things; that the soul can in some sense know the object of its worship, that it need not feed on hearsay and tradition and arguments, but can have vision. It is the imperishable glory of transcendentalism in our country that in the decay and disintegration of the old religion, which set in with this century, it sounded this high note. What matters it that it mingled some romancing with its philosophizing, that it hypostasized truth and justice and turned its ideas into substances? It had that living sense of the ideas, of their immediate th- -nority, of their independence of -e doubtful data of history, that was so wanting at the time, that was so necessary, if in the new conditions our calculating, thrifty, Yankee blood was to be stirred to generosity, to idealism and real religion. "There are parts of faith so real and self-evident that when the mind rests in them the pretensions of the most illuminated sect pass for nothing," said Emerson; and for my own part, when, amid all the things I can waver or doubt about, my mind turns to right and justice I feel at once their claims, I own at once their sovereignty, and know with the good bishop that had they might as they have right they would rule the world. That right and justice actually rule the world may be open to dispute, but that they ought to, that they are supreme over all else, that our part as men is to help make them rule, that human life has this as a part of its ultimate law and aim—of this, one may be as sure as that the earth is under his feet; and the sense of it seems to lend infinite dignity to this passing life of ours.

How we shall put these data of ethics, along with those of science, and of art—one might add—and all other elements of human culture into a comprehensive conception or philosophy is another question; but, to my mind, materialism is insufficient, and all the indications seem to me to point in the direction of a purified theism. It is not, however, to present a philosophy, but to point to services which ethics may render us in building a philosophy (each one, perhaps, for himself) that I am now speaking.

The second service of ethics which I have in mind, is to prevent our religion from degenerating into a feeble optimism. Religion is sometimes conceived as the faith that the mingled good and ill of life are somehow all right. Even the passing triumphs of evil, it is said, and failures of good are as necessary and useful parts of the Divine Providence as the more obviously benignant parts that strike us all. Evil, we are assured, could not be in the Divine order at all, were it not as much a part of it as what we call good. Hence the practical deduction is drawn that the condition of society at any given period is the best that can be at the time, else it would not be consistent with the infinite beneficence of Almighty Power.

It is of course impossible to rebel against evil with any heartiness if we take such a view. Practically and by instinct we may do so; but religion will consist in suspecting beneficence behind what seems wrong and any absolute condemnation will savor of impiety. Conscience with its distinctions, its limited approvals and stern disapprovals, is hence given a minor place in the scheme of human nature, if it is not regarded as an intermeddler; and the height of piety comes to be in viewing the course of human as of natural events with exalted composure as if a divine drama were unfolding itself before our eyes. Such seems to have been the view of Schleiermacher, who says that to the pious soul everything is holy, even what is mean and unholy.*

How differently does religion shape itself when our first assurance is an ethical one, namely, that there is a right and a wrong and that on the side of right is a command and on the side of wrong a charge not to commit or consent to it. If the ethical sense is true, the doing of wrong is against the order of things and can not be for the best, not now nor in all the ages; so far as men have done wrong in the past, they have been off the track marked out for them, and so far as society is made up of those who do wrong to-day, society is off the track now. By no means is ethics inconsistent with the faith that all natural events, all happenings that man can not hinder, however direful they may appear, work ultimately to beneficent ends. It is possible to hold that "fire and hail, snow and stormy wind" and all the elements fulfill the will of an Unseen Friend of man, who has other aims than simply to perpetuate man's earthly existence. But evil in the moral sense, evil that man does or consents to, wrong, which alone is really evil, can not possibly work to good ends, and the high God may be concerned with it only as good men are—to undo it and bring its doers to naught.

Hence, as we take ethics for our starting-point or no, the very meaning of religion, the idea of God itself and the whole interpretation of history may vary. If we begin with the moral sentiment, religion comes practically to mean self-surrender to it, trusting ourselves to its suggestions, obeying its dictates, taking these sorry lives of ours and dedicating them to the good and the just. Instead of piously confiding that all things are somehow right, it is rather finding out what is right and striving to do it, knowing that for man this is the appointed path and anything else is wandering in darkness. And the heights of *this* piety are in revering the right though men disown it and ten thousand voices speak against it—though men call you a fool and you are alone on a mountain-top with God. With a religion of this sort go grave cares and weighty responsibilities and joys that are exalted. Life becomes serious and the seemingly trifling decisions of every day fraught possibly with awful issues; and though in moments one with a pure heart becomes as gay as a child, ever is there the

> "Hidden ground
> Of thought and of austerity within";

and the sense of the greatness of the task committed to us, the sense of the indifference, "the immoral thoughtlessness of men," go with us and keep us from having any but a central peace. To know that in a given situation there are many ways in which we may go wrong and only one in which we can go right, that we may miss our goal as well as attain it, that things do not necessarily work for our benefit save as we choose the good, that the invisible Rectitude may be shown in undoing us as well as in making us prosper, and that always beyond our longings and the most imperious cravings of the heart is the question of what we are really worth—with what solemnity may such thoughts affect us!

What a changed idea of the Unseen Power does such a view naturally bring in its wake! No longer is that high Purpose seen indistinguishably in all that happens, but the antitheses of conscience are just the means by which we penetrate to it. It is on the side of good and against what is evil; it is its very voice that whispers, "Thou must" and "Thou must not"; grounded in the depths of eternal being are these human distinctions between right and wrong. To the ethical believer God is a reinforcement of his conscience, not a means of soothing or transcending it. The confession of God is being ready to take one's stand with the lonely idea of one's mind against whatever array of principalities and respectabilities. The faith in this true God supports reformers in their dreams; it nerves those who, to quote a reformer's words, "rise from the lap of artificial life, fling away its softness and startle you with the sight of a man;" it is the inspiration of an Amos, an Isaiah, a Jesus, a Savonarola, a Wendell Phillips, of those who say to nations as to individuals, "Wash you, make you clean, put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes," of those to whose rapt vision the settled order of society about them and the fabric of the state may melt to the substance of a dream, compared with the awful demands of truth and justice. Yes, in difficult efforts with ourselves, in despair over our private sins, this faith may be a tonic and inspiration. These faults of temper that mar our sweetness, these sins of the tongue into which we so easily fall, these imperious passions and appetites that in unthinking (and even in thinking) moments sweep us away, this subtle, pervasive selfishness—ah, yes, these have experience and the fact on their side; but they are not the things to which we are called, they do not belong to the idea of our being—and the remembrance of this idea may serve to quicken us and lift us up.

With such ethical inspiration, how weak seems the current historical optimism! How *naive* is it for historians to inform us that social and political institutions arise as they meet the exigencies of society and are therefore in relation to the time and circumstances necessarily good! How *naive*, I say—when we consider what are often the springs of historic movements. Why should we be overcome by successions of facts and ponderous pages of history, when the motives that furnish the key to their explanation are of everyday occurrence and we may find them in our own breast, knowing that we do meanly if we follow them and nobly only if we refuse to? Our century witnessed the growth of a social institution in this country. Did slavery arise (or rather take such proportions) because it met the needs of the people, because relatively to the time at least it was beneficent? Beneficent? Beneficent to whom? Beneficent (as they thought) to those who wished, as we all do, to accumulate wealth, and who were bothered by no weak scruples as to the means they might use. Why should white men toil under broiling suns in field and swamp, when others could be found to do this work for them—yes, and be made to, with no more expense than that of their board and of a few whips to keep them in order? Do not philosophers tell us that men always follow the line of least resistance, and it is folly to expect them to do otherwise? So long as the dominant race in the South was ruled by self-interest (and had not learned that substantially the same advantage could be had over the negro by freely contracting with him as by owning him), slavery was as natural under southern conditions as the virtual abolishing of it was in the North. Why should we mystify ourselves? This vast social institution developed from the vulgarest motives, not in obedience to the suggestions of Providence, but in defiance of them,—or rather, shall we not say, ignoring them, God being connected with churches and sacred rites and ancient books, and being scarce thought of as the sanction of secular right and justice.

Yet the slaveholders were not so much greater sinners than other men. This was the mistake: the one-sidedness of some of those who attacked slavery. It was in part the sense of this that kept Emerson with his profound insight and broader habits of mind from joining the ranks of special reformers. "If I am selfish," he said, "then is there slavery or the effort to establish it, wherever I go." Had selfishness, one might have asked, left the North, had it deserted New England—and were brotherhood and social justice taking up their blessed reign there? How then about the tariff? How about the children in the factories? How about the denial of rights to women? How even about domestic service? "Two tables in every house! Abolitionists at one and servants at the other!" The fact is the notion of social usages and institutions arising because they are for the best, because they meet the needs of the time, is a pretty myth. Sometimes they may, let us hope more and more they will; but sometimes they may arise only because a powerful class acting in its own interests can make them arise.

**Reder über die Religion*, S. 51. So Hegel, "The religious mind views the world as ruled by Divine Providence and therefore as corresponding with what it ought to be." "The insight, then, to which philosophy is to lead us is, that the real world is as it ought to be." I quote from Seth's *Hegelianism and Personality*, p. 197.

True enough, every historic development serves a purpose. But whose purpose? the realistic historical student will always ask, God's or man's? —or, more definitely, of what men? The tariff certainly serves a purpose—possibly a national purpose during the war; whose purpose does it serve now? Perhaps the lobbies at Washington can give the answer. Capital more and more concentrated in a few hands serves a purpose. Whose purpose? Even principles may be advocated for profit—as Philip of Spain wished liberty of worship in England that Catholics might get the upper hand there; as the worst Terrorists and most corrupt men in the French Revolution—Tallien, Rovere, Frèron, Fouché and their rotten crew—joined hands with the Moderates and advocated clemency for the sake of bringing to the guillotine the man bent on exposing them, and who, had he had capacity as he had virtue, might have saved the Republic—Robespierre; as men to-day favor freedom of competition to the end of buying out workingmen cheap, not hesitating at the same time to form unions and trusts among themselves to the end of selling their goods dear; as within two years a republic has been born in Brazil, only, as it would appear (I may be mistaken) that a rich middle class may have their way unhindered by a just emperor who had taken away their slaves. The condition of society the best that can be at the time, else it would not be consistent with the infinite beneficence of Almighty Power? The prosperous and powerful and their friends may take this unction to their hearts, but the truth may often be that the condition of society is the best that can be despite "the infinite beneficence of Almighty Power," the best that the selfishness of the prosperous and powerful will let be.

Hence I am led to speak of another service which ethics can render us, namely, in giving us a clue to the social question; a clue, I say, not a solution, for to that end, no doubt, many factors must co-operate. It does not seem worth while to discuss whether there *is* a social question. There are certain facts that oppress good men at the present time, and we may speak of them in this way or not as we choose. I have in mind the poverty of large masses of the population, joined with the circumstance that the work they do, or help in doing, is somehow creating great wealth. It will hardly do to say that this has always been so; if the statement were correct, the case would be only so much the worse. But it is not correct; there have been times when poverty was general; there could be no argument then, save with the elements. Ground for moral dissatisfaction first exists when wealth arises, but one class of producers have little of it. Now three phenomena are tolerably patent to-day; *first*, that wealth is enormously increasing, some having so much that they scarcely know what to do with it; *second*, that others, a far larger number, factors in the production of this wealth, are yet, economically speaking, not much better off relatively to the progressive standards of civilization than slaves and serfs have often been in the past, possessing, it is true, personal independence, which these classes had not, but without security of employment, which they ordinarily had; and *third*, that still others, and no small number, have either irregular employment or else none at all. It is, of course, not true that the poor are getting poorer; many could hardly do so without ceasing to exist at all; and, absolutely, they are rather getting richer. Neither is it true that the working class are better, morally speaking, than any other class, or that they do not often suffer from their own fault, or that they do not partake of the general spirit of our industrial civilization and try to give as little and take as much as possible. It must be said, too, that some of the poor as of the well-to-do prefer not to work at all, if they can help it—to whom the apostolic maxim may well be applied (to the poor, I mean, of course). Still the fact remains that the rewards of large classes of actual laborers are disproportionately small, that they can scarcely under the present system rise permanently higher, and that the progress of technical inventions tends to make their labor unnecessary, though happily this tendency has been thus far counteracted to a great extent by other influences.

It is the fashion of our economists to say that economical forces lie outside of the moral sphere, that they are like gravitation to which we must submit but can not control; and it is true that once granting self-interest to be the motive, most of the so-called laws of political economy follow with inexorable necessity; it is only on the basis of the love of gain that political economy, as ordinarily conceived, can be constructed into a science at all. But is self-interest the only economical motive? It is surely that from which most men act in the realm of business and industry; and it is only on the supposition of its action that the large features of the industrial situation can be methodically explained; here and there occurs a variation, sentiments now and then mingle with the struggle, and philanthropy plays a part, but as a whole the business world is governed by business principles, and even schemes like profit-sharing may be undertaken from far-seeing motives of gain. From the business motive comes the rule of buying as cheap and selling as dear as possible; from the business motive comes the rule of making all possible economies, cheapening production by the introduction of machinery, dismissing unnecessary laborers and buying labor like any other commodity (which in some form or other we expect to sell again) at the lowest possible rate. And since the business motive is in all, there is of course antagonism of interests, buyers and sellers are arrayed against each other and naturally try to take advantage of each other; and not only does the manufacturer contend against the workmen, and the workmen against the manufacturer, but the manufacturer against the manufacturer, and the workmen against the workmen. Yes, and women against women, and children against children, the contention only being limited by pools and trusts on the one side and labor unions on the other, and apparently with the end thus far of but arraying the two classes in more solid phalanxes against each other. To a certain extent, of course, the interests of labor and capital are identical; but on the other hand, the product of the joint application of both being such and such an industrial quantity (either actual or estimated), the greater the share of it the employer insists on having, the less there can be for the workmen, and the more the workmen insist on having, the less will there be left for the employer. The net result of the war is, of course, what we see—the weaker tending ever to the wall, the weakest perishing, the many living a hand-to-mouth existence, some enjoying moderate comfort, the few in possession of wealth. It is not owing to artificial conditions—to laws or privileges, though these may accentuate natural tendencies; it is the legitimate inevitable result of an industrial system founded on self-interest, so long as men are unequal in talent and capacity; it happens as easily in republics as in despotisms, would happen in a social state without government as well as under conditions that we know.

Is it useless then to cry out? Instead, I sometimes think that this is about the only radically useful thing one can do at present. For the gravity, the infinite difficulty of the problem is that it is not individual or occasional instances of selfishness we have to deal with, but that selfishness regulates the system of industry; that its action, instead of being regretted as a necessary evil, is often recognized as legitimate, normal and proper; that it is dignified by scholars as well as acted upon by men of affairs; that the proposal of other motives is written down as Utopian. Slavery was nothing to this problem—that could be wiped out by law, or in the last resort, by war,—present wrongs have their seat where laws can not touch them or wars abolish them. The grave problem that faces us is not to make one or two amendments in our ways but to change our ways (and not so much their form as their spirit and law); to have it brought home to the conscience, the imagination and the heart of men that disorder, suffering, wrong are the natural and normal fruits of disregarding ethical motives and principles in the economical department of our life. What an anomaly forsooth, if there is a divine law of man's being, that things should go equally well if we give no heed to it!

In strict philosophical truth, there is no inevitableness whatever in the facts of distribution of which I have spoken; they are inevitable only as the inevitable result of action according to certain principles—and with such action every moral sentiment, every higher religious inspiration, is inconsistent. True, economical forces lie outside the moral sphere; the task is to bring them inside the moral sphere, to so humanize and ennoble them and make them serve divine ends. It is a libel on human nature, a slander against the venerable saying that man is made in the image of God, *i.e.*, that he is the child of infinity, to say that self-interest is the only motive man can act from, in seeking economical or any other goods. Does not every father refute the imputation, who cares for his child as well as for himself, does not every brother who will have no interests antagonistic to those of his kin, does not every patriot who cares for his country's welfare and is prouder to serve it than he could ever be to serve himself? Is it too daring a dream that men might be brothers to one another beyond the bounds of kin, that patriotism might be the rule instead of the exception and men live for their country as well as die for it? Must we set it down as impossible that men should perform great services to the community, be beneficent rulers and directors of great enterprises as well as serve in all humble ways, unless they have the spur of private gain? Shall we make light of what Shakespeare calls

> "The constant service of the antique world,
> When service sweat for duty, not for meed,"

and call it not only an idle legend of the past, but an unbelievable thing for the future? Does it stand written that this sordid industrial order can not become beautiful, irradiated because divine laws are operating in it, so that the poets might sing it, instead of mourning over it, so that artists might be inspired by it instead of finding themselves stifled in its atmosphere? Jesus was not of the temper to think so. Have we rid ourselves of all illusions and grown wiser in our day? Impossible? The heart refuses to credit it. The infinite soul within our soul says nothing is impossible in the line of what is just and good. Humanity is not arrested in the process of its development, is not in some corner, some *cul de sac*, around which are only adamantine walls, against which the ideal forces of our nature beat in vain. There is a way out, a way on.

Ethics gives no plans. How unreasonable to expect this, when no plan of the existing social order could possibly have been made out beforehand, from a knowledge of its principle alone! Ethics gives no plans, but only principles, principles to take the place of present principles; it says to the existing order, "You are in the wrong, you are condemned in both your motives and your results, which are unworthy of men and intolerable to conscience; I give you a principle in accordance with which you may set yourself right, the principle of justice instead of self-interest, of brotherhood rather than love of private gain; and I call on your statesmen, your economists, your men of affairs, your sons of genius and device to show the world how to carry it into effect, and to lead society in doing so." The dread Power who rules the heavens does not disdain to use perishable means to serve him; the Eternal Idea waits for human brains and willing hands to carry it on to triumph. Ethics does not forestall the necessity of numberless experiments before the goal is reached. The eschatology of Jesus has gone; the eschatology of nineteenth century prophets may go too. Ethics does not prophecy, it affirms, forever affirms; it is its high office to liberate the heart, to take off the bands, to open the upper eyes of the soul, to give vision of principles. How fatuous to ask for a scheme, a programme, if we have not the generous impulse to which it would appeal, if we should attend to it only to puncture it! The fact is, the beneficent necessity that encompasses us and leaves no willing heart without witness of itself, will wait to bless us as long as we are willing to wait, and in the meantime will turn and overturn the work of our hands. We fancy we are secure in this land; we go our way, we amass our gains, we buttress ourselves about with constitutions and laws, we make short shrift with those who disturb our peace, we build churches and cathedrals and noble seats of learning thinking perchance to atone for the manner of acquiring our wealth by the manner of expending it; but Destiny says to us, "If you outrage the poor and the weak, and all the more if you turn the outrage into a system and plead your helplessness in face of economic laws to mend it, I will mend it for you—or rather, I will destroy it; your civilization will go down, as that of Assyria, of Egypt, of Greece and of Rome has before you." I know not whether the twentieth century will be fairer than this; I trust so, I must believe so;—but if the love of gain has its unhindered way, if industrial tendencies now setting in go on uncontrolled, in this noble land of ours it will either witness the rise of a feudal régime or else a lapse into a Byzantine stage, from which only some freshening breeze like that of the Revolution of 1789 could deliver us. 'Tis not for us to put our faith in men, in measures, in machinery, in economic tendencies undirected by moral ideas; there is no safety, no healing, no consolation there,—safety lies in the dominancy of moral principle, or, as Isaiah might have said, outside of obedienc to the living God.

And finally, ethics may serve us by giving point and purpose to our individual lives. 'Tis passing strange how quick these lives go out, how fragmentary they are, how full of possibilities that time and chance never let blossom. The motto of the sensualist we know; but it would seem the part of a man to dominate his life the more with noble aims. The central aim of life is to contribute to the victory of the good in the world. The task for us to-day is to make our

religion ethics and to make a religion of our ethics. I suppose we all feel it—religion in any high sense is not the fact of our time. We have our institutions to which we point with pride, but religion is not one of them; we give our wealth to its service, but not our hearts; we are "moral," but not on principle; that which made the early church sublime—the transcendent hope, the sense of the sanctity of heaven about to descend and touch the earth—is not with us; the fires of the heart are so low that we smile at those who conceive great hopes for mankind. I appeal to you, young men, disown such scepticism and be the bearers of moral ideas to this day and generation. Trust your heart and dare for justice and the right in every department of human life. Nurse in yourselves not only charity, but hearts "of steel to fight down the proud." Open your souls and drink in faith and courage with each new dawning day. Surrender *yourselves*, first of all, to the moral sentiment, since only those who are right can set things right. In a word, take these slighted moral principles, behind which the Power of power is hidden, and make a religion of them. The sublime is after all not far from the common day; we have not to reach after it or travel for it; we have but to turn the eyes inward, and there it is; native, constitutional to us, the life of our life, the soul of our soul, an Infinite Majesty waiting to transfigure us, to rescue us from our mortality, to make us deathless with itself.

Notes from the Field.

Rochester, N. Y.—The Unitarian church here has lost one of its oldest and most honored members, Judge James L. Angle. The whole city has been speaking of him this past week with love and thankfulness. The state of New York retires its judges as they reach their seventieth birthday. When, according to this law, Judge Angle, in the prime of his powers, left the bench of the Supreme Court a few years ago, the testimonial of his comrades of the bar bore witness to such qualities as these in him: "An erudition which seems to be growing rare, a ripe experience, a diligence which no labor could weary, a simple uprightness, intolerant indeed of wrong, but still more unsuspicious of it, a patience which was only too indulgent, a courtesy which never failed."

He was one of the men who by their character make the church to which they belong honorable in a city. In the day of our small things, as in our days of bettering things, he did the work of four men for us here; making a furnace-fire if the janitor had given way again to his besetting sin, superintending the Sunday-school year after year, preaching for the sick or absent minister, he did each or all according to the need; the pastor's unpaid colleague in all good work. And his outward presence told the qualities within: he had the charm of noble manners and the beautiful face. All loved him. His very smile made part of Sunday to us.

He has taken UNITY for years, and was a warm friend of the Western Conference,—an *understanding* friend of it. His very last public word, and it was spoken but last Sunday in the church, was to move that the Rochester church send delegates to the approaching Conference. So with a greeting to the coming Liberty of Faith he left us.

W. C. G.

Rocky Mountain Conference.—The programme of the second annual meeting of the Rocky Mountain Conference of Liberal Christian Churches which is to take place in Denver, May 9, 10 and 11, has been received. It contains many good numbers, and among them may be mentioned a paper on "The Training of Sunday-school Teachers," by Rev. Wm. H. Brodhead, an address by Rev. S. A. Eliot on "The Work to which we are Called," and another by Rev. T. B. Forbush, "What is Our Liberal Gospel." At the Sunday evening meeting, May 10, the general subject will be, "The Way Out of Orthodoxy," and addresses will be delivered by Rev. D. N. Hartley, D. J. Haynes, Esq., and Stephen Peebles, Esq., the closing address of the evening being delivered by Rev. J. E. Roberts. The afternoon session, May 11, will be under the auspices of the Women's Alliance of Unity Church, Denver, the principal paper of the session being given by Mrs. S. A. Eliot upon "The Work of the National Alliance." Rev. S. A. Eliot is now the President of the Conference and Rev. Wm. R. G. Mellen is its Secretary.

Denver, Colo.—Rev. S. A. Eliot writes from Denver, giving a most promising and encouraging account of the way in which the Unitarian churches have increased and multiplied within the province of the Rocky Mountain Conference which comprises Colorado, Wyoming and Utah. At the time this Conference was organized, just one year ago, there were but three churches and one mission in all the field, and Mr. Eliot himself was the only settled pastor. Within the year, however, things have changed, and at the coming meeting of this conference, six churches and three missions will be represented, with the number of ministers increased from one to six. The Salt Lake Church is described as a marvel, and the Colorado Springs Church as a sturdy youngster, and great things are expected from the Pueblo Mission. Next fall it is hoped that a beginning may be made at Ogden, Utah. The Denver Church is the center of this activity, and may well feel gratified over the results, so far obtained. Truly, there is nothing like western growth, in religion as well as in other things.

Eau Claire, Wis.—The Eau Claire *Leader* for Wednesday, April 29, contains a report of a sermon on "Sabbath Observance" delivered by Rev. Henry Doty Maxson. Mr. Maxson emphasizes the fact that none but necessary labor should be performed upon the Sabbath. "It is lawful to do good upon the Sabbath day," and so work of this kind becomes necessary, and may be considered holy. Incidentally the speaker declared himself in favor of keeping the Columbian Exposition open on Sunday as well as art galleries, reading-rooms and other means of public instruction.

Boone, Iowa.—R. Sutton writes from Boone, to one of our postoffice mission workers, that there are still a faithful few who have not given up interest in the liberal movement at that point. It appears that there exists a large unawakened liberal element in the vicinity, which only needs a leader, in order to come out of the darkness and rally to the support of a Unitarian Church.

Chicago.—Rev. W. W. Fenn of Massachusetts is now in the city and is to fill the pulpit of the Church of the Messiah for two months.

—Hon. Daniel L. Shorey who has been spending the winter abroad has returned in time to preside at the meetings of the Western Unitarian Conference.

Minneapolis, Minn.—In a recent copy of the Minneapolis *Tribune*, two sermons are reported, the first being a strong and vigorous protest from Rev. D. M. Shutter against the Sunday theater, and the second, "A Plea for the Press," by Rev. S. W. Sample. Mr. Sample does not condemn the Sunday paper.

Perry, Iowa.—The liberal workers are actively advancing their cause at this point. Rev. Mary A. Safford, of Sioux City, preached for them, in the opera house, May 10. Rev. A. M. Judy of Davenport expects to speak there the latter part of the month.

Kendalville, Ind.—Rev. C. H. Fitch has charge of the People's Church at this point. The services are held in the Opera House, and good congregations and a steady interest are reported.

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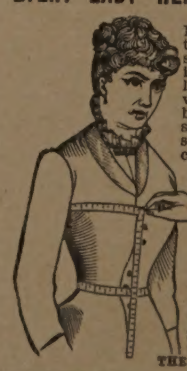

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Wed.—In the central deeps of our being we are alone.

Thurs.—What a man can do in conjunction with others does not test the man.

Fri.—Let life be a life of faith.

Sat.—God supplies the wants which he has created.

—*F. W. Robertson.*

Dandelions.

Upon a showery night and still,
Without a word or warning,
A trooper band surprised the hill,
And held it in the morning.
We were not waked by bugle-notes,
No cheer our dreams invaded,
And yet, at dawn, their yellow coats
On the green slopes paraded.

We careless folk the deed forget;
Till one day, idly walking,
We marked upon the self-same spot
A crowd of veterans talking.
They shook their trembling heads and gray,
With pride and noiseless laughter;
When, Well-a-day! they blew away,
And ne'er were heard of after.

—*St. Nicholas.*

A Discreet Mother.

Six boys in a crowd talking so busily that they are perfectly oblivious to anything around. The head speaker, a bright boy of twelve, says emphatically:

"Now, remember, mum's the word; and each of you bring ten cents tomorrow and we'll have six books to start with. I'll get them, and we can meet in our barn and read them. It is not in use now, and none of the folks need know anything about it, and we'll see if we can't read in peace, without all our mothers and big sisters throwing everything into the fire and making such an eternal racket."

These boys, as you will see, had caught the disease so common to boys of that age—dime novels. Yes, and of the very worst kind. Stories highly seasoned with descriptions of the most improbable adventures. The more unlikely the story, the nearer the boys thought it approached the truth; and each boy's heart was aflame with a wild desire to experience some one of the very thrilling adventures so beautifully described in "The Missing Trail; or, Wild Bob of the Rockies," which well-thumbed and dog-eared copy had gone the entire rounds of the boys, until Mrs. Ellis, having discovered it in Rob's coat pocket, promptly consigned it to the flames, and treated Mr. Bob to a long lecture on the sinfulness of such reading, and and threatening him with a whipping which he'd remember the longest day he lived if she found any more. This, however, only added fuel to the fire of his interest in the aforesaid books, and the fire though apparently squelched, only smouldered under Bob's calm exterior, for in his short career he had been obliged, for more reasons than one, to use a little strategy concerning his movements, as family difficulties often arose and put an end to many of his most cherished hopes. The money was collected and the books bought.

Harry Nelson, who had one of the best of mothers, even went so far as to take his home, and as his mother was not in, ventured to throw himself down upon the old sofa, stick his feet up on the back and read just one more chapter.

Mrs. Nelson was a very politic woman with her boy. She hadalways been his boon companion, had steered him clear of many of the shoals besetting the boy's life, and between the mother and son existed the most perfect confidence. As she quietly entered the room, she noticed that Harry was absorbed, and stepping up behind him read, "The Frozen Pirate; or—" When Harry heard his mother's voice he sprang up and intended to hide the book, as he had been thoroughly cautioned to do by the others.

"Why, Harry, what is it?

"Oh, only a book a boy lent me."

"Is it a good one?"

"Yes, it's awfully interesting."

"Well, I'm glad of that, for if there's anything I do enjoy it is a good book. Just lay it by till after supper, and this evening we'll read it together."

Harry complied, but feeling all the time as if there was something wrong about it somewhere. After supper, Mrs. Nelson got her sewing, and said:

"Now, Harry, you read and I'll sew."

So Harry began. He read a little while, but somehow the book didn't seem the same to him; things came up in the story that he did not just like to read to his mother.

"Do you like it?" he asked.

"Well, I can tell as you go on; if you are interested in it I think I will be."

So Harry read on. It wasn't quite as interesting as it had been for some reason. Finally, as his interest flagged, he told his mother all about it, and where they were reading them.

"And can you get them all?" Mrs. Nelson asked. "What a treat there is in store for us! We'll finish this one and then you can get another, and they'll last us for most of the winter."

Harry winced. He was tiring of it already. He had expected his mother to act a little as Rob's mother had.

Mrs. Nelson went on with her sewing, and Harry read until about nine o'clock. Finally, Harry laid down the book, and with some anxiety said:

"What do you think of it, mother?"

"Oh, it's very thrilling; don't you think so?"

"Well, yes; but do you s'pose these boys really did these things?"

"Why, you must just think how you would do under such circumstances."

"I should be scared to death," admitted Harry.

"Mercy! Would you? Why, I was just congratulating myself that if a bold, horrid man was to step in on us now and say, 'Madam, your money or your life?' you would bravely spring up to my rescue and say, 'Hold there, villain! Unhand that woman, or your life's blood shall pay for the outrage!' and that you would immediately draw out that immense knife you got a short time ago and made so sharp, and stab him."

Harry's eyes were luminous by this time; he couldn't understand his mother at all.

"But go on, Harry; I must hear the rest of that before I go to sleep." And Harry read a little longer.

Ten o'clock came, and Mrs. Nelson began making preparations for bed. For their evening lesson she read the first Psalm. In guarded language she drew Harry's attention to the climax of the verses, first, walking with the ungodly, then standing, stopping a little longer to listen, and finally being so taken up with the attractiveness of evil as to sit down and stay with it. She did not attempt to moralize, but just sowed the seed and let it alone; then pressing him to her heart, she kissed him fondly:

"God keep you, my boy, in the time of temptation. Good-night."

When Harry awoke the next morning, he lay thinking quite busily. As he started off to school, his mother called:

"Be sure and get another book, Harry, and tell the boys to come here to-night and read them if they want to."

The boys were thunderstruck at the invitation. Rob Ellis, who was leader of the crowd, was disposed to scold:

"Such a cad as you are, Harry Nelson, to blab everything to your mother."

"Well, what of it? She enjoys them. I guess if I can read them mother can."

Rob was a little confused at Mrs. Nelson's literary taste, but next evening Harry coaxed Rob around for the evening. The reading began, and although the boys took turns about reading, it flagged. The color would creep up into Rob's face when he read some of the tall, bragging talk that some of the characters indulged in; it didn't seem just the thing before Mrs. Nelson. Before the evening was well over both boys were completely nauseated with the book. When they were alone, Harry said:

"I don't believe I'll finish that book, mother; I don't think it's nice."

"Why not, Harry?"

"Well it all seems to me as if it couldn't have happened."

Mrs. Nelson wisely kept silent. There is a time when silence is so much more effective. If mothers only knew this better their influence over their boys would be so much greater; for there is nothing boys, and men too, so utterly detest as constant nagging and pointing out a moral in everything. The world can not be reformed in a day, but a great deal can be done toward it if every mother would reform her own boy. Women need not sigh for missions when the greatest of all missions lies at their own door.

In after years Harry Nelson said that he owed all that he was and hoped to be to the wisdom and gentle tact of his mother.—*Ladies' Home Companion.*

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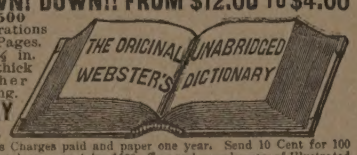

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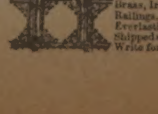

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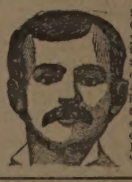

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